

THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. IV.

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No. 17.

A LESSON.

I SAID, my life is a beautiful thing,
I will crown me with its flowers,
I will sing of its glory all day long,
For my harp is young, and sweet, and strong,
And the passionate power in my song
Shall thrill all the golden hours.

And over the sand and over the stone,
For ever and ever the waves rolled on.

I said, my life is a terrible thing,
All ruined, and lost, and crushed.
I will heap its ashes upon my head,
I will wail for my joy and my darling dead,
Till the dreary dirge for the days that are fled
Stirs faint through the dull dumb dust.

And over the sand and over the stone,
For ever and ever the waves rolled on.

I said, I was proud in my hour of mirth,
And mad in my first despair.
Now, I know nor earth, nor sky, nor sea,
Has need or helping for one like me,
The doom or the boon comes, let it be.
For us, we can but bear.

And over the sand and over the stone,
For ever and ever the waves rolled on.

And I thought they sang, "We laugh to the sun;
We shimmer to moon or star;
We foam to the lash of the furious blast;
We rage, when the rain falls, fierce and fast;
But we do our day's work, and at last,
We sweep o'er the harbor-bar."

And I learnt my lesson mid sand and stone,
As ever and ever the waves rolled on.

HUNTING FOR HUGUENOTS.

It had been a long sultry, busy day in the field of a French peasant-farmer. Jean was glad at length to miss the children's voices which had mingled in the hurry of the harvesting since early morning. "They have seen the storm-cloud," he said to himself, "and sped home to the mother!" But they had done no such a thing; they had never thought of it! When the big drops began to fall and the thunder rattled in the mountains, they crept into the shelter of a shock of wheat, and played that they were hiding from roaring wolves.

In the evening farmer Jean told his wife, with a smile, how soon the youngsters disappeared from the work-field, when the dark cloud came. "But, Jean, they never reached home till the cows came in to the milking; where were they?" So the children were called to give an account of themselves, and both father and mother laughed heartily to hear of the dry, safe hiding-place under the grain and the make-believe play.

"Ah! children dear," said the mother, "it's easy to play hiding from wolves, but many's the poor mother who has searched these same fields and yonder mountain-side to find a spot where her little ones could be safe."

"From wolves, mother? from real wolves?" cried the children in one breath.

"Well! from wicked men, I mean, and they had the cruelty and

cunning of brute beasts, and were worse than wolves; oh, yes, a thousand times more bad."

"What did they want little children for?" asked little Lulu. "Maybe they ate them up!"

"No, no!" said the mother; "I have heard my old grandmother tell the tale many times, and though it is not as plain in my head as it was in hers, the dear old mother, I'll try to tell you how it was.

"This peaceful valley was the home of hundreds of Protestants, or Huguenots, as they were called. Sometimes the French king would favor them, and then they were so happy and prosperous. They could weave silk, and carry their goods to the rich merchants of Lyons, or they could till their little farms just as your father does, and cut their harvests, and take care of their cows and sheep. But often the king and his great men differed from these simple, good people in religious matters, and they would make, oh, such hard laws; and then if the people did not obey them, soldiers were sent out to roam up and down this lovely vale to compel obedience. Sometimes the decree was to pay heavy taxes: then the soldiers drove away the pretty, gentle cows, who would go bellowing and moaning with affright and pain, off into the mountain pass, pricked on by the soldiers' bayonets. Once it was that all children over ten years of age must be taken away to be educated in the schools of the nuns and priests. Ah! that was a dark year, my grandmother said. The people hid their little ones in all sorts of hiding-places. In the fields, just as you hid to-day for play; in caves out in the mountain-sides, everywhere were the dear children hid, and saved too, many of them."

"But, mother," said Henri, "could n't the soldiers look in the harvest-fields? I should go right there if my sisters hid away from me."

"Yes, sometimes they looked there, for they became very skillful hunters, and they would run their spears into anything which they suspected hid a Huguenot.

"There was one family of wealth that tried to escape from the country. The father went one way in disguise of a laborer, the mother another way, leaving the eldest daughter to follow with two little brothers. She dressed herself as a peasant-girl, loaded a donkey with panniers, or baskets, slung on each side, and filled the baskets with vegetables. In the bottom of each basket was a child hidden! The strict command to them was silence; no matter what happened, they must not move or speak. So they started, the sister walking gayly beside the donkey. On the way she met a company of soldiers. 'What is in your baskets?' they cried, and before she could reply, one of the men thrust his bayonet into one of the baskets. Not a sound was heard; so they suffered the pretty market-girl to go her way. As soon as it was safe, she threw off the covering, expecting to find her brother dead. He was wounded, and covered with blood, but he knew that the lives of all the party hung on his keeping silence, and not a groan or sigh had escaped his lips! The sister tried to nurse the little hero and keep him alive till they could reach the spa-coast and join their mother, which she did in safety, and they crossed the sea to England. The poor father was never heard from.

"That's all my story for to-night, children. You've had a busy day in the harvest-field. So now to bed, and sleep sweetly. Dream not of wolves, little ones. No dangers are now near us in this dear home-vale!"—*Christian Weekly*.

THE OLD WAY OF CROSSING THE PLAINS.

THE most curious and perfect of all the pony express was that which used to run across the plains. Of course, you know what I mean by the plains. When I was a boy, almost the whole country between the Mississippi river and the Pacific ocean was called, on the maps, the "great American desert," and in my geography it was described as a wide, sandy plain. In my mind, it was not unlike the desert of Sahara, with fiercer tribes inhabiting it. Schoolboys now-a-days have better maps and geographies, and know this country by the names of the great states of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Nevada, which have been formed of it. What was desert to us, is prairie to you, boys; what we thought barren sand, you know to be rich soil; and you cross it by rail in three days, where we, in stage-coaches, used to make the trip in seventeen. The Pacific Railroad killed the pony express; but in its day the latter was a great institution, which would have put to the blush the pony express of the Russians and Tartars, or our own army couriers. It was not a government line, either; private enterprise started and kept it going on a grand scale. It "used up" and "broke down" more than a thousand horses and Indian ponies a year. It employed nine or ten hundred couriers and coach-drivers and station-keepers, and more than one hundred Concord coaches. Every day in the year, one of these stages started from the east end and one from the west end of the route, and often as many as fifty were making the trip at the same time. The coach stations were ten miles apart, and there were more than two hundred of them in all. The route led from Atchinson, Missouri, across the plains for five days to Denver, Colorado; then five days more up the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City, Utah; then seven days more down the mountains to Sacramento City, California. At one station, the stage-coach reached a level of five thousand feet above the plains, and in the summer months, it was the custom of the drivers to stop there ten minutes, not for refreshments, but to allow the passengers the novel pleasure of snow-balling each other in July. In these dreary mountains few persons were then to be met, other than members of the family of Mr. Grizzly Bear, who, if he happens to be hungry, is a very unpleasant fellow to travel with. On the plains, the enemy most dreaded was the red-skinned tribes, whose roving bands almost daily attacked the coaches. To repel such attacks, each passenger was required to carry a rifle as part of his baggage. A "crack driver" was one who could drive four horses at full speed with the reins in his teeth and a rifle in his hands. Every station was a fort, with soldiers to defend it. Often the coaches had to be guarded from station to station by the soldiers, who followed on horseback, and at times the soldiers and passengers were forced to fortify themselves in the coach and fight until help came by the approach of other coaches. Seventeen days of a trip like this would furnish almost enough adventure for a lifetime.

But it was the swift mail-couriers of this line who ran risks and led adventurous lives full of daring and danger. They ran the gauntlet of the Indians all alone—at night, as well as by day—and a rough time many of them had of it. Their stations were twenty-five miles apart, and the trips between them had to be made at a full gallop, and in two hours and a-half, winter or summer, day or night, over plain or mountain. The horses were hardy Indian ponies, swift and sure of foot: but the service killed them very rapidly. The riders were old pioneers, who knew the ways of the Indians and how to avoid them. Still many of them fell victims to their daring and their sense of duty. The long trip of two thousand miles occupied the mail-carriers eight days, at the rate of more than ten miles an hour; but important election

news was carried at a still more rapid rate. But at length the harnessed lightning and the iron horse distanced the pony on his own track, and he has gone further west to pastures new.

THE COURIERS OF THE CZAR.

The Russian couriers, or pony expressmen, or mail-carriers, as you may choose to call them, travel neither on foot nor on horseback. You will find that in this matter, as in almost every custom and habit of every people, nature compels man to alter his arrangement to suit her conditions. In Tartary they have fine horses, great wide deserts, and splendid roads, and, naturally, the couriers there are mounted; in England, where the roads are bad, running through bogs and marshes, the old couriers were footmen; in Russia, where snow lies on the ground nearly the whole year, sleighs are used by the couriers. The "Couriers of the Czar," as the mail-carriers are called, travel with great rapidity. Fresh horses and drivers are ready at stations every twenty miles apart; but the couriers themselves sleep in the sleighs, and travel from one end of a mail route to the other. Special messengers of the Czar, on public business, travel by these same routes, and with even greater rapidity than the mail-carriers. During the Crimean war there occurred an incident illustrating the severity of this service. The Russian general, Prince Menthikoff, who defended Sebastopol, had occasion, during the siege of the city, to send an important message to the Czar at St. Petersburg; and ordered a faithful officer to be his messenger, giving him directions not to halt or delay until he stood before the Czar, and above all, not to lose sight of the precious message which he bore. Away went the officer in a sleigh belonging to the Czar's couriers. At the end of each twenty miles he found fresh horses awaiting him; these were quickly harnessed to his sleigh, in place of the weary animal, and the servants and stable-men would cry out:

"Your Excellency, the horses are ready."

"Away then!" the officer would say to the driver; and off he would go again at the most rapid pace of which the horses were capable. Riding in this way for several days and nights, suffering with cold, and pursued by wolves in the forests, the officer, weary with watching his despatches day and night, at length reached the palace of the Czar, and was immediately ushered into his presence. He had no sooner handed the Emperor the letter of the general than the messenger sank into a chair, and fell asleep in the royal presence—an offence which, in some ages, would have been punishable with instant death. When he had finished reading the despatch the Czar wished to ask the officer a question, but found he could not awaken him. The attendants called to him, touched and shook him, all in vain; and at last one declared the poor fellow was dead. The Czar was much grieved thereat, and went to the officer, and examined his pulse, put his ear down to his side, and declared he could hear his heart thumping. He was only asleep. But he soon found that the exhausted officer could not be roused by the usual means. At length the Czar, stooping down, cried in his ear:

"Your Excellency, the horses are ready."

At the sound of these words, which he had heard every twenty miles of his journey, and the only ones which he had listened to for days, the faithful officer sprang to his feet, and cried:

"Away then!"

Instead of driver and horses, he found the Czar before him, laughing heartily at his confusion and dismay. You may be sure his offence was forgotten; instead of being punished for sleeping when his work was done, the officer was rewarded for his faithfulness.—From "The Pony Express," in *St. Nicholas* for September.

AN ECONOMICAL PEOPLE.

It has been said, and with considerable degree of truth, that a French family would subsist on what is wasted by an American family. It has just been the writer's fortune to make a pedestrian trip through the most characteristically French portion of France, and this saying has occurred to him a hundred times in his close observation of the interior life of the French. The forest trees are as carefully trimmed as those of an American orchard, for wood is scarce, and the smallest boughs are utilized for firewood. Even the twigs are tied up in bunches and used by the bakers to heat their ovens and by the blacksmiths in heating tires. In many places the trees are trimmed so closely that only a tuft of leaves and boughs is seen at the top, reminding one of those very peculiar specimens of arboriculture that form part of the toy landscape, or of worn-out brooms with their handles stuck into the ground. These trees give a peculiar and characteristic appearance to the French landscape, and the fantastic shapes into which they are sometimes twisted by the wind have suggested to Dore and other artists the weird forms which they have introduced into their pictures.

The roads of France are the best in the world, and one wonders, as he tramps over them, sometimes miles away from any habitation, how they are kept so clean and in such excellent order. But the enigma is solved when, toward night, he sees the returning laborers, each with a basket on his shoulders and a small broom in his hand, stopping to gather every morsel of the precious manure that has been dropped during the day by horses and cattle, or with a small sickle, gathering, here and there, a tuft of grass to give to the family cow at home, or, perhaps, with a huge armful of briars which he will throw to the cosset sheep for her night's nibbling. Thus the roads, even in the depths of the country, are swept, the roadsides kept well trimmed, and an addition is made to the family support of what is almost wholly wasted in America. France, too, is the only country that has made any progress toward utilization of the sewage, and although not with great results as yet, still doing something toward a solution of that greatest agricultural problem of the age.

But it is in the household that close economy is most observable. Every scrap that is trimmed off the family joint, every bone for which the butcher has charged the price of meat, even the carefully washed feet and legs of the chickens, go into the ever-steaming *pot au feu*, to come out again in the form of stock for delicious gravies, or bouillon as a basis for some particular forms of *potage*. Once a day this steaming, savory *omnium gatherum* is allowed to cool, and every particle of fat is taken off. This does not go into the "soap grease," as is too often the case in America, but is carefully clarified until it has the excellence of superb butter for many culinary purposes. Fuel, too, is economized in a way that would astonish a New York cook. The cooking-range is so built that only as much is heated as is necessary for the number of dishes to be cooked. There is no great mass of coals, but a little handful at each aperture when stewing or boiling is to be done, and if a fish or a steak is to be broiled, it isn't considered necessary to consume a hodful of anthracite to do it, as a thin layer of charcoal, quickly kindled and quickly consumed, answers the purpose admirably and at a great saving. As everything in the cities is bought in small quantities and as it is needed, there is no need of refrigerators and huge masses of ice for the preservation of food. Ice for the table may be had of the *glacier*, and there is one in almost every street, at three cents the pound, or those bottles of frozen water to be seen on the tables of every *cafe* may be ordered to be left at the house at dinner-time at the cost of two cents each.

We are a wasteful people. We throw our bad eggs into the swill-tub, or at outrageously bad actors, whereas the French sell theirs to the baker, who makes them into a delicious-looking cake for feeding birds. There is nothing more toothsome in the bakers' windows than these same bird-cakes, but the smell of them is something indescribable. However, many an unsuspecting stranger, with a limited knowledge of French and pangs of hunger, sharpened by sight-seeing, has been seen to buy them and to bite them, and afterwards to sink into some alleyway with the same expression on his face as if he had taken an emetic. We must live and learn; but shall we ever learn to sell our empty sardine boxes and tomato cans to the toy-makers? Shall we, as a people, ever come to saving our demoralized cigar-stumps to smoke our green-houses with? I am afraid not; and yet by these little tricks of economy and others like them, *La Belle France* keeps herself rich, is able to return to substantially a specie basis after a devastating war, and has, moreover, in thrifty times, a good deal of money to spend in articles of taste and beauty, and something saved in case of the rainy days that are so frequent in the most beautiful and the most troubled country under the sun.—*Hearth and Home*.

SIGNS AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

OUR friend Dr. Thomas Gallaudet related the following, at a social gathering at the residence of Mr. H. C. Rider, in Mexico, N. Y., recently:

Joe was deaf and dumb, he was blind in one eye, and he was a miller. I don't think he ever had much education, but he was no fool. One day a gentleman visited his mill, and sought to converse with him by means of signs altogether original. This was the colloquy:

The gentleman held up an apple and let it fall, meaning to symbolize the fall of man. Joe pulled a piece of bread out of his pocket, and the gentleman understood it as referring to the bread of life and man's salvation. The gentleman held up one finger to show there was one God. Joe held up two fingers, and the gentleman took it as meaning the Father and Son. He held up three fingers to show the Trinity, whereupon Joe doubled up his fists and struck a pugilistic attitude. He means that God is almighty, thought the gentleman as he turned away. He related his experience to the friends he met, and characterized it as a great success, and altogether he rather plumed himself on his extraordinary inventive powers of communication to meet particular and difficult cases.

But Joe thought otherwise of the conversation, and when interviewed on the subject, said:

The man held up an apple to ask if I was in the fruit business: I held up a piece of bread to say I was a miller. Then he held up one finger to denote that I had only one eye, and I held up two fingers to tell him that my one eye was as good as his two. He held up three fingers to show that we had only three eyes between us, which, of course, made me mad, and I got ready to give him a thrashing for his impudence, when he went off.—*Kouponeti in The Journal*.

A regular attendant at a London church for the deaf and dumb, is so blind as not to be able to see the finger motions of even those near her, and the sermon is communicated to her by a friend who sits beside her and gives it by touch. She appreciates it so thoroughly, that recently she sent a note to the minister, saying: "I can not tell you, dear sir, how sweet the words sound when they pass over my fingers." She was not born deaf or blind, and has, therefore, an idea of sound.

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WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1874.

It has been found necessary to twice postpone the ceremonies of unveiling and dedicating the Clerc Monument at Hartford. On account of some unexplained delay, the pedestal for the bronze bust of Mr. Clerc was detained in Scotland, and the Committee of Arrangements, finding that there was no hope of its arrival in time for September 2d, announced that the dedication would not take place until September 8th. The knowledge of this postponement had not become generally known before it was found necessary to again postpone the day until Wednesday, September 16th. This second delay is caused by the breaking of the machinery of the fast steamer which was to have brought the pedestal, making it necessary to substitute a slow one which will, of course, not arrive in New York as soon as the fast one. The delay is unfortunate, but unavoidable. So let all arrange their affairs anew and turn out in greater force, determined to show that ill-luck can not prevent the deaf and dumb from testifying to their gratitude to their friend and benefactor by their presence at the dedicating of his monument.

It will be remembered that some persons protested against the dedication of the Clerc Monument being fixed for September 2d; it being desired that it should take place earlier in the Summer. The postponing of the ceremonies twice proves most conclusively that the Committee of Arrangements took pains to please even these malcontents. They were led to believe by the contractors that everything would be ready by September 2d, and the fact that it is necessary to postpone at all proves that the 2d of September was the earliest possible day on which the dedication could take place. There is always a bright side to every unpleasant thing; and the Committee have labored so zealously and faithfully that we are glad that something has come up to show how assiduously they try to please every one, although no one can regret more than we do the necessity for any postponement.

We observe that some object to the coming convention at Hartford, on the ground that it will be too short to compensate for the trouble and expense of attending. We do not suppose that those attending will be ejected from the city as soon as the ceremonies of dedication are over; on the contrary, we think that mine hosts will be only too glad to entertain their guests for several days. And, as, at all conventions, 't is the social intercourse that is prized more than the exercises, there will be little difficulty in having a good time. Moreover, our friends should all remember that this convention is not so much for pleasure as to do honor to the memory of one of our greatest benefactors, and for this reason they should not hesitate about coming and weigh whether they will get their money's worth or not. Even if it involves a little self-denial we should remember that we have a debt of gratitude which we can not pay, deny ourselves as much as we will.

The Canadian Illustrated News for August 1st devotes a greater part of its pictorial department to illustrations of scenes at the Belleville Convention. These illustrations are peculiarly amusing to the initiated because the artist was so far carried away by the spirit of the occasion that he actually drew figures in the act of spelling and making signs; something which we do not remember to have ever seen before. The first illustration represents "The opening of the convention," and the gentleman represented as translating into signs what is being said, seems to be going through with a certain well-known and very vulgar expression of his contempt and derision for the audience in general. In another picture, representing the "Exhibition of educational appliances," there are figures, all over the room, with their hands and arms in almost every conceivable attitude; while in "The dinner in the grove, at the sand-banks," one gentleman seems to have exhausted all his patience in trying to attract the attention of his neighbor, who is talking with a friend across the table, and is energetically shaking him by the arm. The paper also contains an article on "The deaf and dumb" by Thomas Widd, Principal of the Montreal Institution, illustrated by a picture of the Montreal Institution, a portrait of Mr. Widd, and the manual alphabet (one-hand). The article accompanying the illustrations of the convention is written in a very entertaining way. We give below an extract from it, giving an account of the first dinner at the Institution.

On arriving at the Institution buildings, the visitors were assigned to their quarters, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, all sat down to dinner. Here some amusing *contretemps* occurred, and happy were those who understood the sign-language. As the majority of the waiters were deaf-mutes, those to whom it had not been given to go to Corinth found themselves in a predicament. But difficulties soon vanished, the arbitrary signs for the various viands were quickly acquired, and thereafter the uninitiated had no difficulty in obtaining what they desired. But it was sufficiently amusing to see an elderly gentleman who had brought to table a fine appetite edged by a hard morning's work, compelled, owing to his ignorance of the sign-language, to make the greater part of his dinner off soup. Thrice did this unhappy mortal endeavor to give the attendant to understand that he did not want soup; and thrice did his plate come to him filled with soup. The fourth time he changed his tactics, and presented the waiter with his plate inverted. But it was useless; the gods were unpropitious, and a fourth time he was served with soup. Fortunately, at this juncture timely rescue arrived, and the persecuted gentleman was enabled to finish his dinner *secundum artem*. It was amusing, to watch the animated conversation kept up between the deaf-mutes in that bewildering sign-language of theirs, which they manage so smoothly and so rapidly that it is difficult for an outsider to distinguish any one sign. How they chattered in dumb show; how their eyes lightened up as they nodded to each other in token of comprehension! *Apropos* of the eyes, here is a physiological query we would like to address to the deaf-mute instructors: Is the proportion of deaf-mutes larger among dark than among fair people? Certainly those present at Belleville were, we believe without an exception, dark—the possessors of magnificent brown eyes, deep, soft, and intensely intelligent.

DEAN RICHMOND, of the New York Central Railroad, wrote a most illegible hand, and an owner of a building situated on land belonging to the road having received a scrawl from him which he could not decipher, supposed it to be a free pass over the road, and when, after waiting three months, Mr. Richmond asked the man why he didn't remove the building, he found he had been riding free all summer on the strength of the document.

**DEDICATION OF THE CLERC MONUMENT.
PROGRAMME.**

NEW YORK, August 3, 1874.

THE monument to Laurent Clerc, the tribute of grateful and affectionate homage offered by the deaf-mutes of America to the memory of their friend and benefactor, will be dedicated at the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb, Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday, September 16th, 1874.

A cordial invitation to attend the ceremonies is hereby extended to the family and friends of Mr. Clerc, deaf-mutes and their friends, present and former educators of the deaf and of other classes, the citizens of Hartford and neighborhood, and all others interested.

Associates of Mr. Clerc in the work of instruction and his old pupils are specially invited, and will confer a favor by sending notice of their intention to be present to Mr. Style.

CEREMONIES.

The programme for the day is as follows:

At 9 A. M., a meeting of the Board of Managers of the National Clerc Memorial Union will be held. The Presidents of co-operating organizations are invited to be present.

Religious services will afterwards be conducted in the chapel.

At 3 P. M., the monument, which will stand exactly opposite that to Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, will be unveiled, after prayer by Rev. W. W. Turner, Ph. D., ex-Principal of the Asylum. An address will then be made by the President of the Memorial Union, Thomas Brown, Esq., of West Henniker, N. H., on behalf of the contributors, committing it to the care of the Directors of the Asylum, and a response will be made by the President of the latter corporation, Hon. Calvin Day, of Hartford, or his representative.

A procession will then be formed and proceed to the Asylum Hill Congregationalist Church, where an oration will be delivered by James Denison, M. A., of Washington, D. C., and addresses made by other distinguished gentlemen.

At 9 P. M., a banquet will be served at the Park Central Hotel.—tickets, \$1.50.

ENTERTAINMENT.

As school begins at the Asylum on the 9th day of September, no accommodations can be given there.

The following hotels will receive persons attending the dedication at reduced rates, viz :

Union Hall Hotel, Farmington Avenue, one block from the Asylum, \$1.75 per day.

United States Hotel, State Street, opposite the State House, \$2.50 per day.

Park Central Hotel, High Street, near the depot, \$3.00 per day, or \$1.00 for room only.

Alyn House, corner Asylum and Trumbull Streets, 3.00 per day.

Arrangements are being made with other hotels. Several private families have offered to receive guests at \$1.25 to \$2.00 per day.

Persons wishing information regarding hotels or entertainment in private families will please write to Mr. Weeks.

All visitors are requested to register themselves at the Asylum as soon as convenient after their arrival, so that they may be provided with certificates which will entitle them to the privileges of hotels, &c., obtained by the Committee of Arrangements.

RAILROADS.

Every effort has been made to obtain reduced rates on all the principal railroads from Maine to Washington and St. Louis; but unsuccessfully, except with the following:

Vermont Central; Boston and Albany; Hartford, Providence

and Fishkill; New York, New Haven, and Hartford—return free; and Albany and Susquehanna—excursion rates.

The N. Y., N. H., and H. Company require a guaranty of at least fifty persons in a party. The other companies require a guaranty of at least twenty-five in a party. It is, therefore, requested that all persons intending to come over these lines, or by the boats from New York (with which arrangements are not yet concluded), will *write Mr. Newell at once*, so that the required number of free return tickets may be obtained in season. After September 10th, letters asking information about either entertainment or railroads must be addressed to Mr. Weeks.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

There are now in the hands of the Treasurer of the Memorial Union, and reported by local associations, sums, altogether, nearly equal to the estimated cost of the monument, three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00). Further contributions will be gladly received by Mr. Newell, Mr. Weeks, or any of the local treasurers.

Photographs of Mr. Clerc and of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D., and views of the monument, to be taken when it is erected, will be on sale for the benefit of the memorial fund.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Henry Winter Style, *Chairman*, Secretary of the National Clerc Memorial Union, 63 Rapelyea Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles S. Newell, Jr., Treasurer of the National Clerc Memorial Union.—P. O. address, Station "M," New York City.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.

William H. Weeks, President of the N. E. C. M. A.; William L. Bird, Secretary of the N. E. C. M. A., American Asylum for deaf and dumb, Hartford, Conn.

CAN DEAF-MUTES BE TAUGHT TO TALK?

From *The New Jersey Courier*, August 14.

MISS MAGGIE B. LAWRENCE, a young lady twenty-one years of age, a deaf-mute from birth, has, for the past four months, been a pupil of Mr. Z. C. Whipple, at Mystic River, Conn., who professes to teach the deaf-mute to *talk*. Last Saturday, to our utter surprise, we listened to the questions propounded by the parents and her teacher, and heard her reply in a distinct and audible voice. We have known Miss Lawrence for several years, know her to be a deaf-mute, and that it could not be the work of collusion. We were surprised to witness the complete success achieved by Mr. Whipple, and the joy of the parents can better be imagined than described. Various tests were resorted to in order to prove the reality of the new system, and all proved satisfactory. We congratulate Miss Lawrence upon her newly acquired gift, her parents upon the reward of their labors, and Mr. Whipple upon proving himself a benefactor to the human race.

We give below the correspondence between Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Whipple:

BAYVILLE, OCEAN COUNTY, N. J., August 4, 1874.

ZERAH C. WHIPPLE.

Dear Sir: During the month of February, 1874, I met a merchant from Chicago, and had a long conversation with him on business matters. He told me that he often employed from fifty to one hundred hands in his tobacco and cigar manufactory. After I had conversed with him a long time, a friend said to me, "The man you are speaking with was born a deaf-mute." The merchant saw my surprise, and said, "Yes, I was born deaf, but my parents sent me to Germany, where I learned to talk." He spoke as clearly and pleasantly as any person. I told him that I had four deaf-mute children, all grown to man and womanhood, and asked him if he thought they could be taught to speak and read the lips. He

said, "Yes, there is no reason why they should not be taught to read and speak as well as I do."

A few weeks after the above interview, I heard of your school, and learned that you claimed to teach deaf-mutes, by a new and simple process, to speak and also to understand what others said to them, by watching the motion of the lips. After visiting your institution in person, I was so well satisfied that your method of teaching was the correct one, that I determined to place my daughter, Maggie B. Lawrence, a congenital deaf-mute, more than twenty years of age, in your school, in order that she might learn to communicate by speaking and reading the lips. She had received a fair education by means of the old sign-system taught, heretofore, in all of the United States.

Now that my daughter has returned home after only *four months'* instruction by your system, able to speak so plainly that every one who hears her can easily understand what she says, and also able to watch the lips of her friends and thus know what they say to her, I feel that a new era has opened to deaf-mutes all over the land. It is now proved that deaf-mutes may be taught to talk; and I ask, as a special favor, that you will give me a few facts in regard to your method of teaching the deaf to speak and read the lips, for I have many friends and acquaintances who have deaf-mute children, who would hail with great joy any means whereby their dear ones may be restored to the society of hearing and speaking people. Also, please to state if your experience leads you to believe that *all* intelligent deaf-mutes may learn to speak.

The State of New Jersey is about to establish an institution for the instruction of her own deaf-mute children, and I am anxious that our legislators and those great, noble-hearted philanthropists, men and women who are ready to give their influence, money, and personal efforts for the relief of the unfortunate everywhere, should know that there is no longer a necessity for deaf children to remain mute.

God made children deaf-mutes; if they are allowed to remain mute, with all the light which is now before us, when they may be placed on an equality in regard to knowledge and usefulness with their friends who hear and speak, it will be the fault of the law-makers and tax-payers of our country. H. E. LAWRENCE.

WHIPPLE'S HOME SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES, }
MYSTIC RIVER, CONN., Aug. 8, 1874. }

MR. H. E. LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir: I have your letter requesting me to give you some facts in regard to my method of teaching the deaf to speak and read the lips, and wishing to know if I believe all intelligent deaf-mutes may be taught to speak.

My first endeavor is to make my pupils understand that words are formed by certain definite movements and positions of the organs of speech. I show the pupil by means of my own mouth, and by pictures or diagrams, which the organs of speech are. Then with the aid of my "Natural Alphabet," I show how the different organs are placed, in order to produce the various elementary sounds of the English language. Each letter of the Natural Alphabet is a picture showing how the organs of speech must be placed to produce the sound to which the letter corresponds. It is very simple, because it is natural, and is readily understood by young children.

Your daughter, Maggie, though unable to speak at all when she first entered my school, undertook the task of learning to talk orally and to read the lips with energy and determination, and progress from the first was satisfactory. Visitors at the school, without exception, were surprised that she should have learned so much in so short a time. In four months from the time she took her first lesson, she was able to make her thoughts known on almost

any subject to those who were accustomed to hear her speak, solely by the language of the lips; and very many familiar sentences she could speak plainly enough to enable even strangers to understand her with ease. Since she has been at home on vacation, you have been able to judge for yourself of her improvement; and from the tone of your letter to me, I am happy to believe that her progress has exceeded your anticipations. I could not feel otherwise than delighted during my recent visit at your house, when I accompanied Maggie home from school, to witness the great pleasure it gave all the family to hear her speak, and they see the ease with which she made her friends understand what she had to say. I am glad to know that her brother is to accompany her to school, when she returns in the Fall, as that is certainly the best evidence you could give me that you are satisfied that my system of instruction is a success.

In closing, I will say that I do confidently believe that the system taught in my school may be profitably employed in the instruction of all intelligent deaf-mutes whose organs of speech are not impaired and whose sight is sufficiently good to enable them to observe distinctly the actions of the lips. I will add, also, that I believe, in time, the sign-language will be abandoned in all institutions for deaf-mutes, and a system of instruction adopted that will bring the inmates of those institutions more nearly upon an equality with their hearing and speaking neighbors.

I trust that the new institution about to be established for the New Jersey deaf-mutes, to which you alluded in your letter to me, will be controlled by a policy so wise and so humane that signs, as a language, will never find a place or support within its walls.

With a deep interest in the welfare of every deaf-mute in the land, and with kindest regards to yourself and family,

I am, respectfully yours, ZERAH C. WHIPPLE.

PERSONAL.

REV. FRANCIS J. CLERC, of Burlington, N. J., was recently at Cape May, N. J., and preached there. He will be at the dedication of the Clerc Monument.

MR. EDWARD H. LILLIE and wife, of Randolph, Vt., both graduates of the American Asylum, are pleasantly located on a fertile farm which, we believe, is ancestral property. They are hospitable people, as we were pleasantly apprised recently by a generous lunch which was offered us while returning from a troutng excursion. Mr. Lillie is quite an expert repairer of watches and clocks, and his skill is in demand far and near. He served no apprenticeship at this trade, but his mechanical ingenuity has made him the successful rival of the best jewellers.

MR. W. L. BIRD, of the Hartford Institution, has been spending the time in Vermont and New Hampshire since the Belleville Convention. While visiting St. Johnsbury, Vt., he went troutng thereabout in company with Messrs. Bigelow, Cutter, and Ladd, graduates of the American Asylum. His maiden catch was quite respectable, amounting to nearly a hundred fish. Heavy rains which washed away the roads and made them impassable, prevented a contemplated tour of the White Mountains; and foggy weather dampened his enthusiasm for Mount Mansfield. We fell in with him at White River Junction, on his way to see Mr. W. E. Martin, at West Randolph, Vt., and enjoyed the pleasure of his company for several days.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET conducted the usual services in Grace Church, Mexico, on Sunday, August 9th, and at the morning service he administered the Holy Communion to a class of twelve deaf-mutes, besides to members of the church. It was the largest number of deaf-mute communicants that ever assembled in the church at one time, and it was also Dr. Gallaudet's first time of

officiating at the Lord's Supper here, though he has been in Mexico quite a number of times before. He first came to this village to marry a deaf-mute couple in 1857. Some of the deaf-mutes, who had never before partaken of the consecrated bread and wine, seemed to get a full idea of the meaning of the holy emblems by Dr. Gallaudet's signs, and will, in receiving them at the hands of other ministers not acquainted with the sign-language, continue to realize the sacrament more fully.—*Journal*.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, Rector of St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, in New York, with his wife and mother—both these last being deaf-mutes—together with a deaf-mute vestry-man, paid this town a visit on Monday last, greatly to the gratification of the deaf-mute residents, among whom the name of Gallaudet is held in the utmost veneration. Sundry of them took the visitors in hand, and showed them the lions of Marblehead, not forgetting a ride to the Neck, and an evening sail in the harbor. In the evening the visitors held a reception at the residence of Mr. William B. Swett, on Franklin Street, where a large number of deaf-mutes gathered to pay their respects. The doctor gave a lucid and entertaining account of the late convention of deaf-mute teachers at Belleville, Canada, and enlivened his narrative by including the incidents of the trip thither and return. At a late hour, the company separated. The visitors, in company with some of the resident deaf-mutes, went to Pigeon Cove the next day, and thence set out for home, giving preference to Marblehead and leave to their entertainers to expect them again for a longer time.—*Marblehead Messenger*, August 22.

THE death of Mrs. Josiah Quincy deprives Boston of one more of those kindly, unassuming ladies who have done as much to give the city a name for good works as men who have their names more frequently in the newspapers or sit in the places of power. Mrs. Quincy was a Miss Miller, remarkable in her youth for beauty, and all her life for cheerfulness and good sense, and for being the friend of so many excellent persons and so ready to aid in their benevolent schemes. When the new method of teaching deaf-mutes to speak was on trial before the Legislature in 1867, Mrs. Quincy assisted at the decisive moment by opening her parlors to Miss Rogers and her half-dozen pupils, who there exhibited to the skeptical legislators what patience and common sense and affection can do to overcome a defect of nature. Few who saw and heard it, will ever forget the conversation in that Boston drawing-room, between a lad of 17 and a girl of 16, both perfectly deaf, yet both talking fluently and understanding each other. It converted senators and representatives by the dozen; and Mrs. Quincy's levee led directly to the incorporation of the Clarke Institution and to the adoption there of the method of teaching by articulation. Yet this lady had only a general interest in the matter, and a respect for the memory of her friend, Horace Mann, who had assured her that the dumb could be taught to speak.—*Springfield Republican*.

A DEAF farmer, named Cox, while standing on the Mahoning Railroad, two miles west of here, looking at a train on the Ash-tabula, Youngstown, and Pittsburgh Railroad, was instantly killed by a coal train backing over him, cutting his head off and otherwise mangling him.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

An "artist in marble" elaborated a triumphant statue of that king of beasts, the lion, and sent it to compete for a prize at an exhibition of statuary. He received the "first premium for a beautiful sleeping bull-pup in marble."

Pedagogue: "First little boy, what is your name?" Little boy: "Jule." Pedagogue: "Oh, no; your name is Julius. Next little boy, what is yours?" Second boy: "My name is Billious."

COLLEGE RECORD.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A WHILE ago we read a little story of two school-boys. One was complaining to the other, because he had a composition to write. He had chosen for his subject "Roman Civilization," and was at a loss what to write before he had put down a single word. After talking about the composition, he entertained his friend with an account of a little adventure that had lately befallen him. The next morning his friend brought him a paper, containing the story of this adventure, which he had written down, after they separated, as nearly as possible in the same words his friend had used in telling of it. He proposed to his friend to copy and correct it, and send it in, as his composition. The boy did so; and not only was he himself astonished at the wording and interest of the story, but his teacher specially commended him, and told him it was the best composition he had ever written.

The secret of it all was in this, that the boy was prepared for what he was doing when telling of his adventure: he had been through it all himself, and was a perfect master of all that he attempted to write. On the other hand, when he tried to write on "Roman Civilization," he had only a very superficial knowledge of his subject, and was all at sea.

There is a great deal of truth in the saying, "Jack of all trades and master of none." We, all of us, as a rule, succeed best in those undertakings for which we have made preparation, and which we thoroughly understand.

It is claimed that the College, by the education it gives its graduates, opens to them a much wider choice of profession or business than was open to the deaf and dumb before the College existed; that there are very few occupations from which a man is shut off by the mere inability to hear. This claim is true; and yet, when we come down to actual experience, the field open, even to the College graduate, seems unaccountably narrowed down.

Why is it that so many of the College graduates fall back on teaching, no matter what may have been their aims and plans during their College course? Is it not that they too often attempt to write compositions on "Roman Civilization," and get stuck even before they have begun? And what is the remedy? A deaf man can be as good an editor as a hearing man and, if he has a sufficient knowledge of languages, is as well qualified to have charge of the foreign correspondence of a large business house; a deaf man may be a good architect or draughtsman; and there are many other occupations which will suggest themselves to almost every one, open to the deaf and dumb. Notwithstanding, there are very few deaf editors, and we have never had the good fortune to meet deaf persons filling positions in any of the other fields we have suggested. We suppose there are some—we should be sorry to think there were none—but these fields are not entered into by deaf-mutes as they should be.

The reason and the remedy lie in the simple fact of special preparation. Nobody wants a man to edit a paper, no matter how good soever his general education may be, if he has never written for the press; a man can not be either an architect or a draughtsman without having spent much time in learning to draw. If people would only understand the importance of it, we verily believe a man could not teach or do anything else without specially preparing himself for it. And the man ought not to be willing to if he could; a man has no business to undertake anything unless he knows he has done his best to fit himself to do it well.

We, deaf-mutes of the present day, have more need of this special preparation, if anything, than others. People are naturally incredulous that we can do what others like us have never done;

we have not only to educate ourselves to do a thing, but also to educate people into admitting that we can and permitting us to do it. This is our work, and a grand work it is, if we only take it up and do it rightly. We have the opportunity; if we avail ourselves of it and do our work well, and we have no right to take it up at all unless we know we can do it well, a similar opportunity will never come to others; but if we can not or will not do it, it will surely pass on to others better than ourselves.

MR. GEORGE ERSKINE, the Steward, is away on a month's leave of absence.

MR. JOHN WILKINSON, '74, is working in an insurance office in Hartford, Conn.

MR. L. D. WAITE, of the Freshman Class, has a position for the vacation in the Court House at Medina, Ohio.

MR. E. L. CHAPIN, '74, has been spending a part of his vacation in Virginia. He is now back in Washington.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET and family have been spending a few days at Cape May, N. J., enjoying the surf-bathing there.

A TELEGRAM, addressed to the "Editor of THE SILENT WORLD," was taken out to the Institution, and the boy inquired at the door "If Mr. World lived there."

MR. DRAPER has spent considerable time lately working in the library, cataloguing and arranging the books, and the shelves now present a very attractive and orderly appearance.

MISS PRATT arrived very unexpectedly on the 25th ult. There was some misunderstanding about the length of her vacation and she, afraid she had already been away too long, got back a week before she was expected.

The congregation of negro worshippers, which so seriously alarmed the inmates of the Institution a little while ago, is having a small building just outside of the grounds of the Institution. The frame is already up, and the building is making rapid progress.

A TANK has been put up on the roof over the bath-rooms in the Primary Building; and, hereafter, there will be a constant supply of water, which will be a very great improvement, especially in the second story.

MR. DRAPER got back on the 17ult. He has devoted the forenoon since his return to work and the afternoons to rowing and riding. He says that his class ivy put out several sprays, which grew as much as two feet each, during his recent absence from the Institution.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

OHIO.

OUR school opens on Wednesday, September 9th, and the building which has been undergoing a general renovation from basement to garret and also some alterations, will be ready for the reception of the pupils at that time. Owing to the already crowded condition of the building, especially of the boy's wing, and for various other reasons, the rooms, hitherto used by the male members of the High Class, will be set aside for other purposes, and the boys will be placed in the study-room, under the same supervision as the other pupils during study hours. No doubt, they will feel sorry to part with their old quarters, but as the change is necessary, there is no other alternative than to accept the situation.

The two dormitories on the male side have become inadequate for the purpose they were designed; and, in order to obtain more room, the hall running perpendicular to the upper dormitory has been fitted up as a sleeping apartment, and will hold between twenty-five and thirty beds. This change has made necessary the putting up of a door at the foot of the stairway on the principal floor and also the closing up of the open side. Doors at the East and West arches on the same floor are likewise being constructed, and, hereafter, pupils will not have the opportunity of running to that part of the hall where their presence is least desired. The library room has been covered with a new and elegant carpet, thus giving the place a more attractive appearance. It will also be used, hereafter, as a reception-room for the teachers.

Mr. P. P. Pratt, Superintendent of the shoe-shop, has been employed, during the vacation, as a "Knight of the Brush," in giving most of the windows a new coat of white and green, something they much needed, while it also renders the outward appearance of the building more attractive.

Mr. Patterson, one of our teachers, and Mr. McGregor, of the Maryland Institution, stopped at the Institution a short time on the 12th inst. while on their way to Dayton and Cincinnati, from which latter place they go to visit Mr. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution.

Mr. Warring Wilkinson, Principal of the California Institution for the deaf and dumb, and the blind, also spent a day here last week inspecting this and other state institutions located in the city.

Mr. Park, now a student in the Deaf-mute College, is enjoying his vacation at "Lake Breeze," a summer resort in Northern Ohio, and appears to be having, as the boys say, "a jolly time of it."

Mr. A. G. Dewland, a graduate of the New York Institution, has been employed since last December, for a leading firm in this city, as a cloth-cutter, and is doing finely.

Our city will be pretty well filled up during the first part of September. From the 7th to the 11th, the state fair will be in progress; on the 16th and 17th, the army of the Cumberland will hold a reunion. President Grant, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and others are expected to be present.

A special to *The Cincinnati Enquirer* on the 16th inst. gives the following curious case:

A little son of Rufus Main, ten years old, has been afflicted for two months with a disease that mystifies the medical fraternity. During that time he has been unable to see, hear, or speak, and subsists solely on broth. The commencement of the disease was a slight attack of spotted fever.

Columbus, Ohio, August 18, 1874.

A. B. G.

DIED.

MRS. MARY ANN STRATTON, on the 30th of July, aged fifty-eight, at Blackwood town, Camden County, N. J. Mrs. Stratton was deaf and dumb, and educated at the Pennsylvania Institution.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is stated that England, France, and Germany have formally recognized the Spanish Republic.

It may be interesting to know that aniline red is sometimes used to impart a fresh and healthy appearance to susages.

An obliging Nevada woman took off her hair and handed it to a stealthy savage who was approaching her with his scalping knife.

The Congregationalists of Vermont are making such arrangements that none of their pastors shall have a less salary than nine hundred dollars.

It is reported that the Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Comanche Indians, alarmed at the preparations making to punish them for their depredations, are suing for peace.

Marshal Bazaine, who was sentenced to death for treachery in the conduct of the French campaign against Germany, after the surrender of Louis Napoleon, but whose sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, has escaped from his prison on the isle of Ste. Marguerite. His escape was planned, and the preparations for it made by his wife.

"You had better take care of that young one," was the modest remark of Jack Evans, of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, as he handed the child he had saved back to its mother, and mounted his engine to move ahead. Jack saw the child toddling on the track just ahead of his train, and comprehended instantly that it was too late to stop the engine before he reached it. He reversed his engine, ran out on the guard as nimblly as a cat, caught it in his arms, and threw himself sidewise from the track. The pilot struck him and whirled him twelve or fifteen feet down the bank, bruising him considerably, but he saved the baby's life and handed it back to its mother with that careless remark, all unconscious that he was a hero.

Not long ago a physician of New Bedford, Mass., was summoned in haste to attend a patient at Naushon. On arriving at the island and inquiring for a conveyance to the house he wished to visit, he was directed to a farm-house near by. Here the doctor found a man whom he requested to harness a horse, at the same time, in the interest of his patient, desiring him to be lively. The man pleasantly and promptly complied, harnessed the team, and was speedily driving over the road at a good rate. The doctor, on the way, discussed farming, and was struck with the general information and conversational powers of his driver. On arriving at the house a half-dollar was tendered to the man, but was gracefully declined. "What is the name of your intelligent farmer?" asked the doctor, after he had finished his professional visit. "What, the gentleman that brought you to the house? That was President Eliot, of Cambridge."